

VOICES FROM IRELAND

BY

DENIS A McCARTHY





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There are always voices calling to the exile over-seas,
Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings of
every wind,
And they fill the mind with pictures, and the heart
with memories
Of the days of love and youth that, long ago, he
left behind.

There are always voices calling—and the clamorous
demands
Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and
its fears
Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant
lands
All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of other
years!



DENIS A. McCARTHY.

VOICES FROM ERIN

Voices from Erin

by

Denis A. McCarthy

Associate-Editor *Sacred Heart Review*

Author of "A ROUND OF RIMES."



Work without thought of fortune or of glory,
Fly to the moon in fancy if you wish,
Write not a word that comes not from your heart.
And still be modest. Tell yourself, "My child,
Content yourself with fruits and flowers—nay, leaves—
If you have gathered them in your own garden."

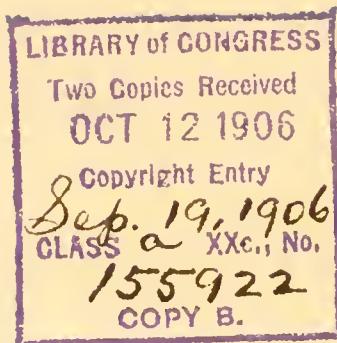
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by

DENIS A. McCARTHY

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“A thousand times welcome.... It was an honor duly appreciated to publish poetry like—‘Ballinderry,’ for instance.”

The illustrations of this volume are from photographs made for the author a few years ago by Mr. Robert Cash, photographer, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland. They appear here through the courtesy of *Donahoe's Magazine*.

Dedicated

TO ALL WHO IN THEIR LOVE FOR THE NEW LAND
HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE OLD.

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The Day Of The Gael

Once more we gather in the sacred name
 Of that far country where our race arose,
Once more we come to feed the sacred flame
 Of Irish love in every heart that glows;
Once more we meet within whose veins there flows
 The blood of those who made her ancient glory,
To celebrate the day the wide world knows—
 The one bright day in all old Ireland's story.

This day is dear to us. This day our race
 Renews its youth the whole broad earth around;
This day our love o'erleaps all sundering space,
 And homeward hies beyond all hindering bound;
This day, where'er an Irishman is found,
 (And whither can you go and fail to find him?)
His faithful spirit haunts the holy ground,
 The consecrated sod, long left behind him.

And even those whose eyes have never seen
 The shine and shadow on their fathers' hills,
Have ne'er been gladdened by the living green
 Reflected in a thousand Irish rills,
To-day their hearts a tender feeling fills,
 Upon their ears to-day a voice is falling,
A voice that touches them, a voice that thrills—
 The voice of Erin to her children calling.

The “sea-divided Gael” is one to-day—
From North to South, from farthest East to West,
The spreading oceans can not stop nor stay
The spark that speeds from Irish breast to breast;
We’re brothers all at motherland’s behest,
Heart cleaves to heart with tenderest devotion,
And dark dissension passes like a jest
In all the glow of this dear day’s emotion!

The winds of fate have blown us far and wide,
Of cruel laws we’ve known the bitter ban,
But all in vain oppression’s hand has tried
To bend us to a proud imperial plan.
We are no remnant of a conquered clan—
Eight hundred years of tyranny and terror
Defiant leave us as when first began
Their long, long reign of ignorance and error!

We’ve known defeat, we’ve known the anguish keen
Of those who see their country’s glory fled,—
The famine days—the living spectres lean—
The little children hungering for bread.
And yet the Irish nation is not dead!
In spite of sword and suffering and sorrow,
When all seems lost, again she lifts her head,
And turns expectant toward some bright tomorrow!

On England’s realm the day is never done,
She well may boast her far-flung battle-line

Her morning drum-beat following the sun,
She rules alike the palm-tree and the pine.
But, Erin dear, a wider sway is thine!

A truer state of empire thou maintainest!
Thy right to homage is a right divine
Because, dear land, by love alone thou reignest!

The empire won by steel and held by force
Must some time fail, must some time fall to nought,
The onward moving years' resistless course
Full many a dynasty to dust has brought.
Belshazzar's kingdom cunningly was wrought,
And yet there came a day of dire disaster,
There came a message that with meaning fraught
Foretold the triumph of another master!

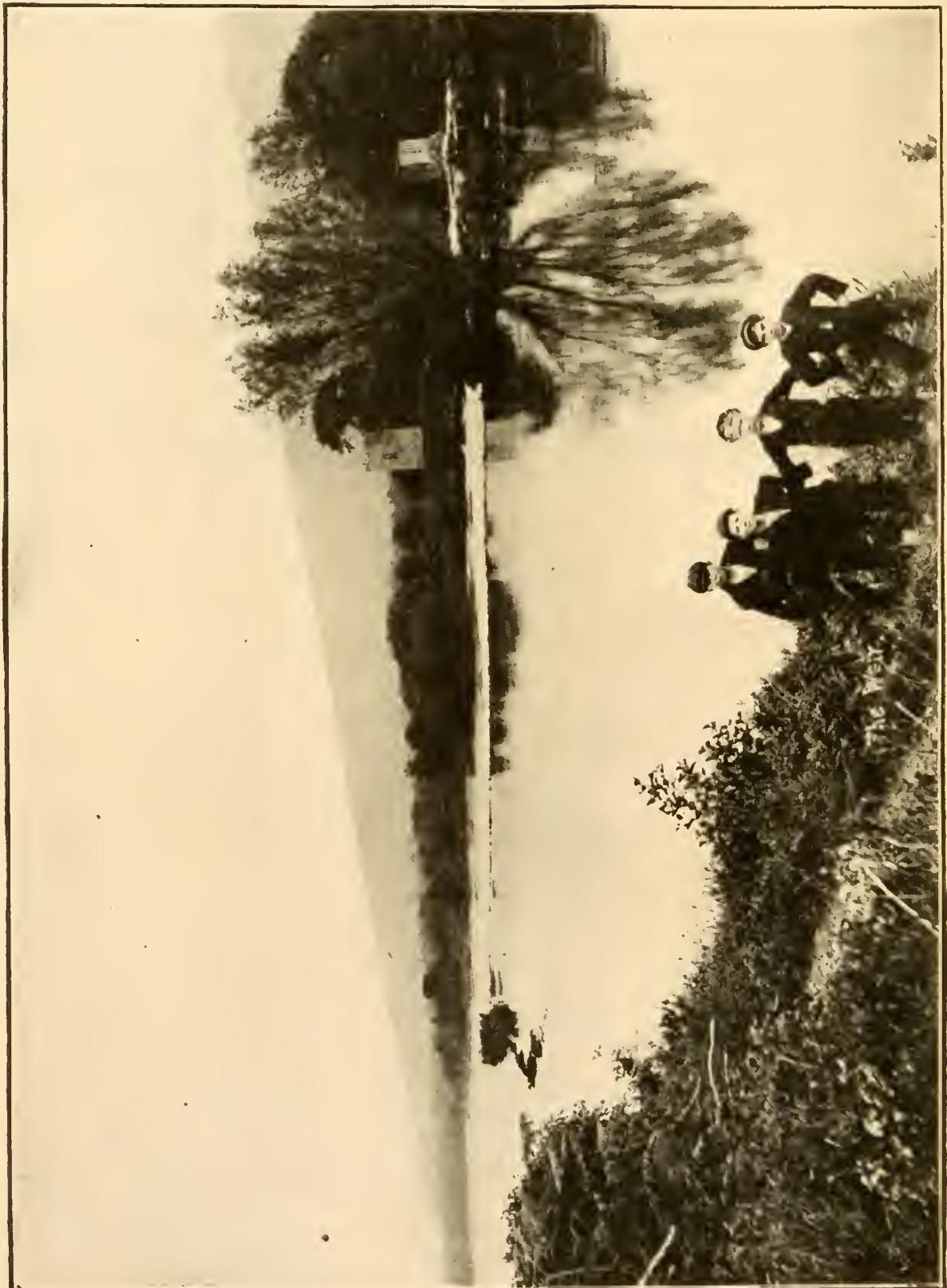
Thus power has passed, and thus will pass again.
God lives and reigns whate'er the fool may say.
God is not mocked. He keeps his tryst with men,
He bides his time until the appointed day.
And then he moves. And then he sweeps away
The fabrics fondly made to last forever,
And then a ruin where the lizards play
Is all that marks the place of proud endeavor!

This, this is Erin's comfort in her grief
And this her consolation in her care:
She holds unshaken still her old belief
That God's high judgments are not false but fair;

When other peoples perish in despair,
Or bow the knee before unholy altars,
Whatever cross poor Ireland's shoulders bear,
Her Christian courage never faints nor falters!

And so this day's a day of faith and hope!
Whate'er misfortunes through the year may fall,
To-day in darkness we refuse to grope,
To-day our fingers fling aside the pall.
To-day we answer to the clarion call
Of those at home—true-hearted sons that love her,
To-day we pledge our fealty to all
Who strive to place her own free flag above her!

“ AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY! ”



Ah, Sweet Is Tipperary

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all
a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant ves-
ture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that
dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all
beguiling
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the
flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom
 breaking,
 And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
 And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure,
 half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Eve Of All Souls

Cometh again the feast of those who have journeyed
before us,

Those who have passed beyond, and left us behind
heavy-hearted,

Over the world arise the prayers of the living in chorus,
Asking the mercy of God on the souls of the faithful
departed.

Cometh again the day of those who have loved us, and
cherished,

Those on whose strength we have leaned, whose
spirit has helped and befriended,

Those in whose love we have lived as the plant by the
sunlight is nourished,

Those who have cheered us and smiled till the grief
that assailed us was ended.

Cometh again the time in these opening hours of
November,

Time when the bonds of the spirit are closer
drawn in devotion,

Time when the heart of the Church is especially
moved to remember,

Time when her orisons rise with a noise like the
moan of the ocean.

Never before I knew the meaning and depth of the
morrow,
Never before its truth had power my mind to
awaken,
Never before 'till now—when sore is my heart with
the sorrow,
Sore with the sorrow that came when the friend of
my bosom was taken.

Cometh the feast of the dead. Oh friend, whose
departure bereft me!
I have no fear you are gone on a voyage alone and
uncharted,
Great is my grief, yet I know you are safe, since the
moment you left me,
Safe in the keeping of God in the port of the faith-
ful departed!

The Wind From Slieve-Na-Mon

The gentle wind from Slieve-na-mon, how softly would
it sing

Across the verdant valleys at the opening of the spring!
How tenderly 'twould whisper of the summer com-
ing on,

The sighing wind, the singing wind that came from
Slieve-na-mon!

The gracious wind from Slieve-na-mon, how kindly
would it croon

Across the silent meadows in the summer-stricken
noon,

What respite and relief it brought to every weary one,
The kindly, cooling, blessed wind that blew from
Slieve-na-mon!

The wailing wind from Slieve-na-mon, I seem to hear
it still

As long ago I heard it from the fairy-haunted hill,
As long ago I heard it when the harvest moon was
wan,

And feared the banshee's wailing in the wind from
Slieve-na-mon!

The roaring wind from Slieve-na-mon, how wildly
would it blow,
When winter cast upon its wings the burden of the
snow!
It shook the house with fury and it shook our hearts
anon,
The wild and wintry wind that came from stormy
Slieve-na-mon!

The magic wind from Slieve-na-mon—sometimes it
was a blast
Of faint enchanted bugles blown from Ireland's glori-
ous past,
How many a dream it brought of days when Ireland's
banner shone,
And Irish cheers were mingled with the wind from
Slieve-na-mon!

The lonesome wind from Slieve-na-mon—Ah, weary
heart of mine,
It blows across a grave to-day as sacred as a shrine,
It blows across my mother's grave wherein when life
is gone
God grant that I may rest beneath the wind from
Slieve-na-mon!

'Tis Spring Again

'Tis Spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And over the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet song of the spring!

'Tis spring again and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through blossoms and buds of spring.

'Tis spring again and the vagrant heart
Of the poet pent in the city's walls
Is flying far from the crowd apart
Where the voice of the young year calls.
For tired is he of struggle and strife
Of thoughts that trouble, of cares that cling,
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life
Awake at the touch of the spring!

My Own Dear Land

My own dear land, there's no other like you, none!
Or east or west no other land so fair beneath the sun;
However beautiful they be, however high they stand,
They can not rival Rosaleen *, my own dear land!

My own dear land, there is music in your name,
There's magic in the memory of your olden, golden
fame,
There's glory in the story of the gleaming battle-
brand
Of those who died for Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, it is years since I have seen
The mist upon your mountains and the sunny vales
between,
'Tis years since I have watched the day die out along
the strand,
The shining shore of Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, I have dreamed of you for years,
I've wept for you with longing and I've longed for you
with tears,
But miles of billows racing on across the sounding
sand
Have kept me far from Rosaleen, my own dear land!

* One of the old, poetic names for Ireland was, as is well known, Roisin Dubh or Dark Rosaleen.

My own dear land, I am wishful to be gone,
To see again the sunlight on the slope of Slieve-na-
mon,
To meet again the people of the friendly heart and
hand
Who live and love with Rosaleen, my own dear land!

A Memory

PALM SUNDAY, 1902.

A pearly light upon the water lay,
 The morn was calm,
The airs that blowing blessed the Sabbath day
 Were sweet as balm;
The sea birds rested on the peaceful tide—
 They seemed asleep,
Save when on snowy pinions floating wide
 They swept the deep.

The peace of God upon the circling scene
 Was brooding there,
Afar the islands showed the tender green
 Of springtide fair,
Our own belovèd city, known so well,
 Arose beyond,
Transformed and beautified as at the spell
 Of wizard's wand.

O, that our lives forever thus might be
 So calm, so sweet,
Removed from all the misery we see
 Where many meet!
O, that our days might always be as fair
 And free from dole
As that bright morning when we felt no care
 In heart or soul!

The Green O' The Spring

Sure, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to see the sunshine,
'Tis fine to feel its glow,
'Tis fine to see the buds break
On boughs that bare have been—
But best of all to Irish eyes
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to hear the brooks sing
As on their way they go;
'Tis fine to hear at mornin'
The voice of robineen,
But best of all to Irish eyes,
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, here in grim New England
The spring is always slow,
An' every bit o' green grass
Is kilt wid frost and snow;
Ah, many a heart is weary
The winther days, I ween—
But oh, the joy when springtime comes
An' brings the blessed green!

St. Patrick's Day Memories

Here in the strangers' city
The winds blow bitter and keen,
But over the sea in Ireland now
I know that the fields are green;
I know that the fields are green, and the snow
From the hills has melted away,
And the blackbird sings, an' the shamrock springs,
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

I know that the bells are ringing
From many a belfry quaint,
In many a chapel the *sagart* tells
The glory of Ireland's saint;
From many a cabin lowly and poor,
From many a mansion gay,
The strains arise to the list'ning skies
Of sweet "St. Patrick's Day."

I know that the boys are gathered
Outside on the village green,
Where many a feat of stalwart strength
Enlivens the sunlit scene;
And who would be blaming an Irish youth
For letting his glances stray
To the *cailins* dressed in their Sunday best
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

Here in the strangers' city
Are fortune and fame galore,
The poor man's son may win if he will
A measure of golden store;
But ever when springtime comes again
I wish I were far away
Where the Suir flows and the shamrock grows,
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

If Love Only Wait

Ah me, but the day is so long!
And the toil is so hard, and the brain
So weary of weighing the right and the wrong,
So tired of the stress and the strain!
What dream of delight can endure
The noise and the dust of the street?—
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The heart would be roaming afar,
These sunshiny days, to the green
Delights of the grove where the singing birds are,
And the flash of the river is seen;
But here are a desk and a chair,
And a task for a poet unmeet—
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The Song Of The Bugle

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the sleepers all,
“Come forth,” it said, “from berth and bed,
The foemen storm the wall!
Come forth! Come forth! For out of the north
They pour like a river of men—
Up slug! Up sot! Or else, God wot,
Ye never may wake again!”

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
The cresset flared in the gloom,
What hurrying then of half-clad men,
Of lordling, yeoman, groom!
What furious clang as the war-bell rang,
And the warrior weapons clashed,
As forth to the fight in the dead of the night
The soldiers of Ireland dashed!

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the silent street—
“Come, burghers brave, from your beds, and save
Your town from the foeman’s feet!
See knight and squire with spirits afire,
They rush to the leaguered walls—
Nay, hold not back, when your foes attack,
And the honor of Ireland calls!”

The bugle sang as the weapons rang,
As the enemy charged and slew,
Through storm and stress of the battle's press
Its song rose steady and true.
New strength it lent to hearts forespent,
New hope when hope was gone—
Oh, ever the brave command it gave,
“Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!”

In dust and blood the garrison stood,
The fight was over and past,
With many a blow they had chased the foe
From their ancient walls at last.
The day-dawn glowed in the east, and showed
Like a banner of vict'ry red—
But the bugle rang no more, nor sang,
For the trumpeter lad lay dead!

At Night

Often at night my little daughter stirs
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,
But when she feels her father's hand on hers
She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.

Often at night I, too, from dreaming start,
Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,
But when Thou lay'st Thy hand upon my heart,
O Christ the Comforter, how sweet it seems!

My Native River

When I am sick of Fortune's quest
And tired of life's endeavor,
I hope I may return and rest
Beside my native river—
Beside that softly-flowing stream
Whereon the sunbeams quiver,
Where breezes play, the livelong day,
Beside my native river!

The city of the stranger here,
Oh, I can love it never,
For sweeter still and far more dear
I hold my native river.
My sweetest dreams are still of home,
And nothing can dissever
My heart from those, remembrance knows
Beside my native river!

I know a spot where willows grow,
And leaves of aspen shiver,
Where, in the days of long ago,
I sat beside the river;
A pledge of love was giv'n me there—
Ah, God be with the giver
Who lies to-day, far, far away
By that beloved river!

I should be happy here, they say,
With friends that love me ever,
But older friends are far away
Beside my native river;
The strangers' land is rich and fair,
But may my soul deliver
Her latest sigh to God on high
Beside my native river!

To Mary, Mother Of Sorrows

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Whenever I turn to thee,

I think of another mother of sorrows across the sea,
I think of another, sitting far over the distant main,
Her bosom burdened with sorrow and pierced with
the sword of pain!

Mary, O Mother of Grief! When I gaze on thy pictured face,

Rises another picture that nothing can ever erase,
Ireland troubled and tried, her spirit tormented and torn—

Surely, ye twain are alike in the sorrows that each has borne!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Beautiful still in thy woe,

Ever they merge—thy face and the other face that I know.

They are so like each other, ah, well I can understand
The cause of the love they give thee, the sons of that
dear old land!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Thy sorrow with joy
was crowned—

Surely a solace will also for Ireland's sorrow be found.
Surely her faith and her love and her patience through
all the past

Will win her the crown of joy from the hands of thy
Son at last!

The Day When The Green Flag Flies

After the dreary winter weather,
After the cold and the silence too,
Spring and St. Patrick's Day together
Come with a message of hope anew.
Green grass growing in sheltered places
Shows its color to weary eyes—
How can we wonder that all the races
Welcome the day when the green flag flies?

Wheresoever their sires have sailed from,
Wheresoe'er they have bowed and knelt,
Wheresoever themselves have hailed from,
All are one with the kindly Kelt;
All are one on this day delightful,
Under the clear blue springtime skies,
Irish all by a claim that's rightful,
Hailing the day when the green flag flies!

Herald of hope and of joys that follow,
Ireland's day in the springtime comes—
Seems it not that the summer swallow
Answers the call of the Irish drums?

Seems it not that the seeds awaking
Up through the snowdrifts struggle to rise,
Hearing the noise that the fifes are making—
Patrick's Day when the green flag flies!

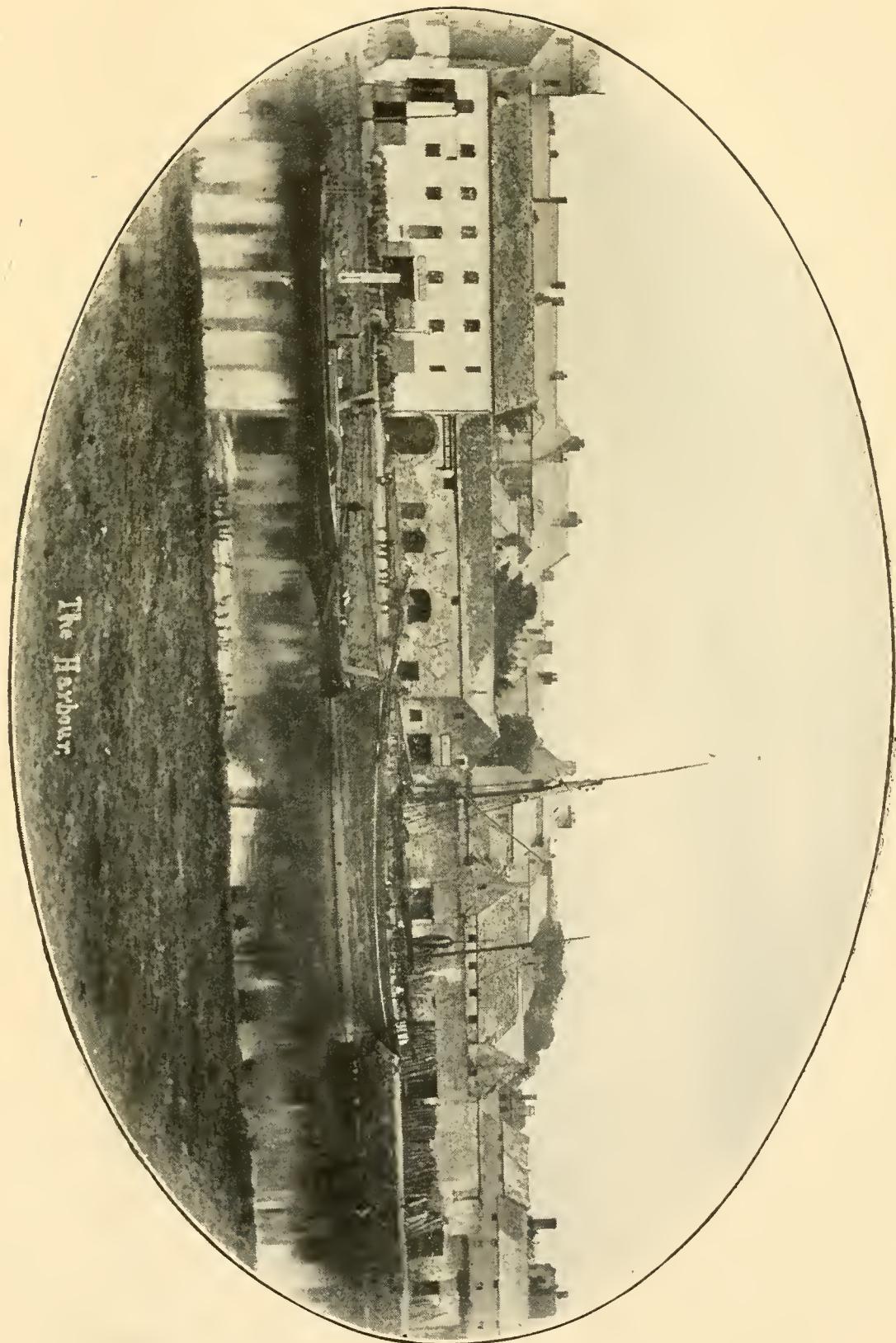
After *your* dreary winter's ended,—
Olden land o'er the waters blue!—
Shall we not hope for a springtime splendid,
Hope for a springtime, even for you?
Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen?
Valor and virtue, cease to prize?—
Ah, my land, how the sad years lengthen,
Waiting that day when the green flag flies

To Mary, Our Mediatrix

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Sun in Heaven—
Can human eyes withstand His radiance bright?
But thou, O Mary, as the moon art given
To cheer our souls with thy reflected light!

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Prince of Splendor—
How shall we dare to stand before His face?
But thou, O Mary, art His Mother tender:
Gain thou for us His mercy and His grace!

Thy Son, O Mary, slain for our transgression—
How can we ask for aught who used Him thus?
But thou, whose sinlessness exceeds expression,—
Take thou our prayers, and offer them for us!



The Harbour.

"IN CARRICK TOWN."

In Carrick Town

On Christmas Day in Carrick town
Ere yet the dawn illumines the east,
Before the altar bending down
Behold the people and the priest;
What though the way be long and cold,
And snow lie deep upon the sod,
They gather as their sires of old
On Christmas morn to worship God.

Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day
(Ah me, the simple faith of them!)
They build a lowly hut, and lay
Therein the Babe of Bethlehem;
And all day long from lane and street
Come rich and poor and old and young
To see the Crib, and hear the sweet
“Venite Adoremus” sung.
Yea, so it is on Christmas Day
In Carrick town so far away!

On Christmas Day in Carrick town
The holly gleams above the shelf—
The *bean a'tighe* * has on a gown
In which she hardly knows herself;

* Pronounced “Banathee,” approximately.

No costly viands there are spread
No blushing wine its glow imparts,
But humble fare with love, instead
And kindly words and friendly hearts!
Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day—
Ah, would that I were there again,
Though many a friend has passed away,
And boys that once I knew are **men**;
Though I have slipped from many a mind,
And some have e'en forgot my name,
I think perhaps that I should find
Some heart among them still the same! —
Some boy with whom I used to play
In Carrick town on Christmas Day!

Prayers And Flowers

The flowers that in youth I brought
To deck thy shrine, O Virgin dear!
Are turned to dust, are fall'n to nought,
Are fragrance fled, this many a year.

Not so do youthful prayers depart,—
The sweet “Hail Marys” murmured low,
Retain their influence o'er my heart
To-day as twenty years ago.

Christmas In Ireland Long Ago

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
The blazing log upon the hearth gave out a cheery
glow,
And lit the kindly faces that I used to love and know,
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
The holly on the dresser crowned the dishes in a row,
The Christmas candle beaming threw its light across
the snow,
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
Without the wind might bluster and without the wind
might blow,
Within was peace among us and the kind word to and
fro,
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
I mind the merry music of the fiddle and the bow,
I mind a song we used to sing, together, soft and slow,
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
I mind a hand that led me through the darkness and
the snow,

To see Our Saviour lying in a manger rude and low,
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

Ah, Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!—
Your memories are dearer still the older that I grow,
And harder 'tis to keep them back—the tears so fain
to flow

For Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

The Niobe Of Nations

Oh, thou land of graves and grieving!

 Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

Beautiful beyond believing

 Is the sunshine of thy skies!

Exquisite beyond expression,

 Jewel-like thy vales are set,

Oh, thou land of pride and passion!

 Land of sadness and regret!

Never land had such adorning

 As the verdure of thy hills,

Never did the light of morning

 Shine upon such laughing rills.

Nature gave thee in the making

 Every gift she could bestow,

Yet thy heart is always breaking

 Oh, thou weary land of woe!

Gazing on thy sun-lit valleys,

 Strange it is to deem that thou

Still must drain the bitter chalice,

 Wear the thorns upon thy brow!

That, with bruisèd feet and bleeding,

 Still thy fate it is to be

On the painful pathway leading

 To a constant Calvary!

Oft in bygone boyhood musing
 Have I lain beside thy streams,
Glorious hopes for thee suffusing
 All the spirit of my dreams,
Till I almost heard the rattle
 Of avenging spear and shield,
And the dust of freedom's battle
 Blotted out the smiling field.

Splendid dreams like this have often
 Stirred and cheered thy sons of song,
But they can not soothe or soften
 Wounds that fester century-long.
They may flash across our sorrow
 Like a momentary gleam—
Sternor souls thy sons must borrow:
 They must *do* as well as dream!

Soldier-spirits hast thou given
 Nations all the wide world o'er,
Men whose valor might have driven
 Kings and tyrants from thy shore.
Foreign fields have known the daring
 Of their cheering, charging line,
But their swords, oh, mother Erin,
 Flash for every cause but thine!

Oh, thou land so blest by beauty!
Oh, thou land so curst by care!
Here we pledge our love and duty,
We the shamrock badge who wear:
Though no banners high above thee
Flaunt thy glory to the skies,
In thy lowliness we love thee
Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

Day And Night

All day I seek the mean reward
That falls to earthly strife;
All day the thought of Thee, O Lord,
Is crowded out of deed and word,
Is crowded out of life.

But when I shake my spirit free
From earthly chains at night,
The vaulted dusk is filled with Thee,
And every star becomes to me
A holy altar-light!

The Shamrock

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God,

Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the sod.

“Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the faith I preach!

Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the truth I teach!”

“God is not many but One. One God, One only, is He,

God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three,

E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you—” holding it forth to them,

“Still is but one, although triple its leaves upon stalk and stem.”

Flashed o'er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile dim,

Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him,

Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod,

Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to the One True God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people,
and made

Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade.
Centuries-old is the story—yet Irish women and men
Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever
since then!

Maytime In Ireland

When first the springtime, blown from southern spaces,

With timorous step invades the city streets,
And brightens e'en the gray, prosaic places

Where toilers hurry and where traders meet,
Ah, then I weary of my sad sojourning,

My years and years of wand'ring far away,
And homeward like a bird my heart's returning
To be in Ireland in the month of May!

All times and seasons in the land of Erin

Are blest with beauty's gift of grace I ween,
Each month that passes well may claim a share in
The bloom and brightness of that island green.

But which one brings to meadow, mount and mire-
land

The many charms of Maytime's rich array?—
Ah, well I know of all the months in Ireland
There's none so bright or beautiful as May!

For then the hawthorn whitens all the hedges,

And sweetens all the vagrant winds that blow,
And then you hear along the forest edges

The murmur of the myriad streams that flow,

And then you seem to catch from ruins haunted
The magic melodies the fairies play,
Ah, then you dwell within a land enchanted
Who dwell in Ireland in the month of May!

Full many a time in this, the strangers' city,
I've marked the yearly coming of the spring,
And from the depths of some profound self-pity
The tears have flowed at memory's poignant sting,
And o'er my soul has rolled a tide of sadness
For boyhood hopes and boyhood's distant day,
Rememb'ring all the glory and the gladness
Of youth and Ireland in the month of May!

Old Cork Beside The Lee

Stately cities rise in splendor
O'er the land wherein I dwell,
And they waken feelings tender
In the hearts that love them well—
San Francisco's golden gateway,
Stately Boston, rich New York—
But I vow I'd leave them straightway
For a glimpse of dear old Cork!
Yes, their glories I'd abandon,
Once again the soil to stand on,
From which rise the walls of Shandon,
Far across the spreading sea,
Once again to see the city
Where the boys are brave and witty,
And the girls are sweet and pretty,
In old Cork beside the Lee!

Stately cities rise in splendor
O'er the world from pole to pole,
But I never will surrender
That old city of my soul;
She is neither Rome nor Venice,
Neither Boston nor New York,
But where'er my tongue or pen is
I will hymn the praise of Cork!
Yes, wherever I may wander,

Still my heart will ever ponder
On that old town over yonder,
 Far across the spreading sea,
On that famous Irish city,
Where the boys are brave and witty,
And the girls are sweet and pretty,
 In old Cork beside the Lee!

Should again our land in splendor
 From her lowly state arise,
Flinging forth—may God defend her!—
 Her green banner to the skies,
Many exiles would be thronging
 Back from Boston and New York,
Just to satisfy their longing
 For a glimpse of dear old Cork!
Ah, there would be no delaying
Those whose hearts for years were praying
On the Mardyke to go straying
 As in days of youth and glee,
In the charming Irish city,
Where the boys are brave and witty,
And the girls are sweet and pretty,
 In old Cork beside the Lee!

A Moonlit Night

The night is sanctified with holy seeming,

 All nature joins to worship the Divine,

Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming

 The stars begin to shine;

Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,

 The winds like voices sing along the coast,

While high above the ocean's brimming chalice

 The moon hangs like a Host.

Robert Emmet

(On Sept. 20, 1803, Robert Emmet was executed.)

In Dublin city, one September day,—
Ah, me, how fast a hundred years may run!—
A tragic deed in Thomas street was done,
A deed whose memory hath not passed away;
For there begirt by troopers in array,
Upon a ghastly scaffold in the sun,
Young Emmet, Ireland's best-belovèd one
Went forth, the forfeit of his life to pay.

Dead, aye, he's dead. A century of years
Have strewn their blossoms on his grave since then,
Have made the grasses green above his head.
And yet, not dead! Let us put by our fears!
Young Robert Emmet can not die, while men
Have hearts to feel, or women, tears to shed!

The Dream Of You

Dreams I have had of glory and of splendor,
Rising triumphant over all my fears;
Dreams I have had pathetically tender,
Filling my eyes, I know not why, with tears.
One with the poets all from ages olden,
Visions have haunted me my whole life through,
Yet, among all the dreams my heart has holden,
Sweetest and best I hold the dream of you.

Dreams of delight, of splendor and of glory,
Over my soul may still assert their sway,
Dreams too divinely sweet for song or story
Still be my happiness from day to day,
Yet though I lived until the land eternal
Broke like a dream upon my wond'ring view
Never again I'd know the joy supernal
Now I possess in this sweet dream of you.

Oh, Why Are The Bugles Playing?

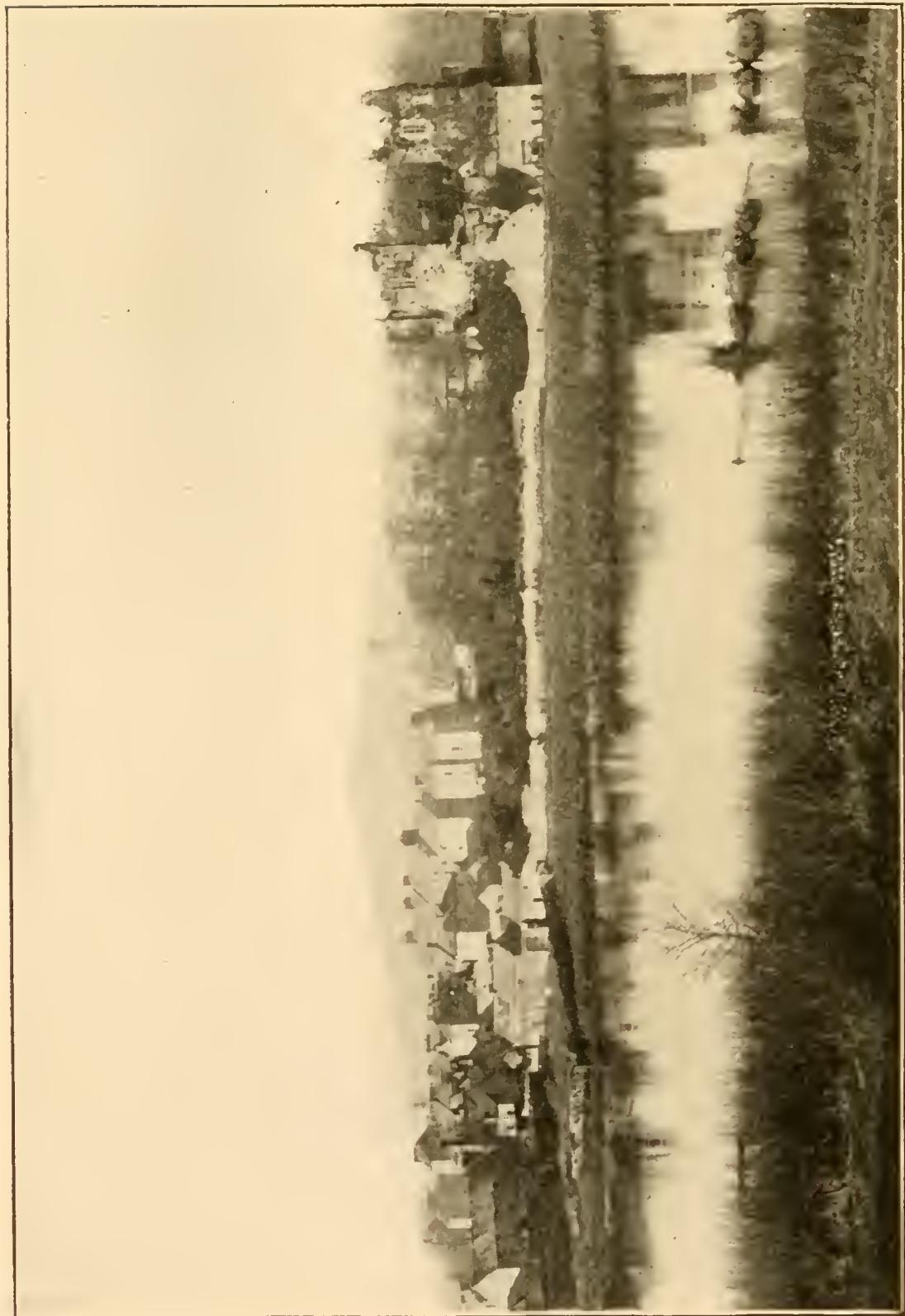
Oh, why are the bugles playing?
And the drums—why do they beat?
And why are the pennants swaying
High over the crowded street?
What pageant is it appearing
Like verdant ribbon unrolled?
And why are the people cheering
A banner of green and gold?

The drums so loudly beating,
The bugles that gaily blow,
The banners that wave a greeting
High over the crowd below;
The stalwart ranks parading,
The cheers that deafen the skies
For a flag of green unfading
That over the column flies—

All these are the Gael's expression
Of love for a land afar,
All these are his soul's confession
Of the sweetest dreams that are;

The live-long year he holds it
Deep-hid in his heart away,
But wide to the world unfolds it
In honor of Patrick's Day!

This day wherever he wanders,
Whatever his name or place,
With faithful spirit he ponders,
The home of his ancient race;
In new lands over the ocean
To-day he remembers the old
And follows with deep devotion
A banner of green and gold!



"WHERE THE SUIR GOES CROONING TO THE SEA."

Ireland In The Spring

Oh, far away in Ireland now
 The soft spring breezes blow,
From dewy-spangled bough to bough
 The birds fly to and fro.
With chirp and trill the air they fill,—
 Ah me, how sweet they sing!—
The world is glad and music-mad
 In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland there
 Are laughing streams that flow
Through verdant valleys where the fair,
 Sweet-scented hawthorns grow:
And every breeze that stirs in these
 Is sure a shower to fling
Of blossoms white as snow at night—
 In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland rise
 The distant mountain peaks,
And many a raptured eye descries
 The Galtees and the Reeks:
What varied hues of misty blues
 On slope and summit cling,
What shine and shade in glen and glade,
 In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland, I
Am fain to be to-day,
Beneath the tender Irish sky
Where once I used to stray.
The livelong year I'm happy here
Until the robins sing;
Ah, then I sigh for wings to fly
To Ireland in the spring!

Father O'Growney *

By the wash of the far Pacific,
Alone in his grave he lies,
Afar from the gleam of his native stream
And the smile of his native skies,
The turf of his tomb may blaze and bloom
With the splendid flowers of the West,
But 'tis all unmeet for his last retreat—
He should lie in old Erin's breast!

Oh, his was the tenderest spirit
That ever from Ireland sprung!
Can we think unmoved of the way he proved
His love for the Gaelic tongue?
Can we think unstirred of the deed and word
Of the delicate form and frail,
Who strove to save from Oblivion's grave
The language of Innisfail?

Ah, no—he is unforgotten,
His worth shall never depart,
The sound of his name awakes to flame
The love of the Irish heart.

* Since this poem was written the remains of the illustrious priest who did so much for the Gaelic movement have been transferred to Irish earth.

But lonely there, though the place be fair,
In that grave in the West he seems—
He would love the best to be laid at rest
In the old Green Isle of his dreams!

From his tomb by the far Pacific
Let us tenderly bear him back,
O'er leagues of land from the foreign strand,
O'er the perilous ocean's track;
Let us bring him o'er from a distant shore
To the place where his people dwell,
Let us lay him deep for his last long sleep
In the land that he loved so well!

Robin With The Rosy Breast

Robin with the rosy breast—
I can hear you when the morn
Gilds the sky from east to west
With the gold of day new-born;
I can hear your liquid note,
Like a fountain falling fair—
Robin with the ruby throat,
And the manner debonair!

Robin with the rosy breast—
When you came this way last year,
Came to mate and came to nest,
One who loved you well was here;
All things sweet the world possessed
In his kindly heart had room,
You he loved among the rest,
Robin like a rose in bloom!

Robin with the breast of flame—
Golden-sweet your song may be,
But 'twill never be the same,
Nevermore the same to me;
Sunlight falls on wood and wave,
Summer reigns from east to west—
But you're singing o'er his grave,
Robin with the rosy breast!

The Hills O' Carrickbeg

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, I'm dreamin' of
'em yet,
An' many a time with tears for 'em, me poor ould
cheeks are wet,
Me poor ould cheeks are wet, *a gradh*, me heart is sick
an' sore
With longing for the Irish hills I'll ne'er be seein'
more.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, 'tis I that know 'em
well,
Tis often I could see 'em and I walkin' to Clonmel,
I walkin' to Clonmel, *a gradh*, from Carrick down
below,
The sight of 'em would cheer me every step I had
to go.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, are green as green
could be,
No hills in all America are half so green to me,
No hills in all America, me longin' e'er could cure
To see the hills o' Carrickbeg that rise beyand the
Suir!

I love the hills o' Carrickbeg, I love each blade o'
grass,
O'er which I used to ramble on a Sunday afther Mass,
Ah, Sunday afther Mass, *a gradh*, young heart an'
lively leg,
I roamed with friends an' neighbors o'er the hills o'
Carrickbeg!

'Tis often as a boy, when I remembered Ireland's
wrong,
Or when the heart within me thrilled at some old Irish
song,
In fancy I could hear the noise o' battle rise an' swell,
An' see the foemen flyin' from the hills I loved so well!

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, I never more shall
see,
Until I die they'll only be a memory to me—
Ah, many a place in dreams I trace from Coolna-
muck to Cregg,
But first and best of all the rest, the hills o' Carrick-
beg!

In The Fields O' Ballinderry

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the opening of the spring—
Sure, 'twas there myself was merry, sure, 'twas there
myself could sing,
Sure, 'twas there my heart was happy (for the world
I didn't know)
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the summer time
came on—
How we blessed the cooling breezes from the slopes
o' Slieve-na-mon!
How the singing river wooed us to its waters far
below—
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the corn-crake had
called,
When the reaper's work was ended and the harvest
home was hauled,
On the last load riding gaily laughed the children
in a row!
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the winter cold and white
Glowed the hearths o' Ballinderry in the darkness
 of the night—

Sure, the beggar-man from Kerry and the rambler
 from Mayo

Found a friend in Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, what a change there is
 to-day,

Though the place is there as ever, ah, the faces—
 where are they?

Gone the merry-hearted maidens, gone the boys I
 used to know

In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

O Little Lamp

O little lamp that glows before the shrine
Of Christ the Lord, here in the chapel dim,
I would the tireless constancy were mine
Wherewith your radiance serves and honors Him!

O little lamp! your steadfast worship shames
My hours of deep discouragement and doubt,
When fitfully with love my heart up-flames,
And then in dark forgetfulness goes out.

Christmas Time In Ireland.

At Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly branches
twine

In stately hall and cabin old and gray!

And red among the leaves the holly-berries brightly
shine,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish
eyes,

And cheery are the greetings of the day,—

The greetings and the blessings from the Irish heart
that rise

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel
bell

A-calling ere the dawning of the day,

You can see the people thronging over field and over
fell,

To the “early Mass” in Ireland far away;

And saintly are the soggarths * that before the altars
stand,

And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray—

Ah, surely God must show'r His choicest blessings on
the land

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

* Properly, *Sagairt*.

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there
is song,

And merrily the fife and fiddle play,
And lightly dance the colleens † and the boys the even-
ing long,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;
There is light and there is laughter, there is music,
there is mirth,

And lovers speak as only lovers may—
Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on
earth

As Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too,
for those

Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,
And many a tear in silence for a friend beloved flows

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;
But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears,
That God will send them safely back some day,
To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

† Properly, *Cailini*.

The First And Last Gift.

When Christ a Babe on Mary's breast
 Lay fondly folded close to her,
Came Kings from out the distant East
 And offered Him their gift of myrrh.

And when, upraised against the sky
 In after years on Calvary's hill,
The Son of Man was nailed to die,
 The gift of myrrh was offered still.

Songs At Christmas

I—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When Jesus Christ, a little child,
 In Bethlehem was born,
There shone a star across the wild
 More glorious than the morn.
It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed
 Above the lonely hill—
Ah, blessed star of Bethlehem,
 It lights the nations still!

II—THE VISION OF MARY.

Lo, the Infant holy
 In the manger lies,
See, the shepherds lowly,
 Gaze with rev'rent eyes.

Mark the Mother Mary—
 Say, ah, can she see
Him, her God, her baby,
 Nailed upon the tree?

III—ST. JOSEPH'S VIGIL.

Silently, with claspèd hands,
By the manger Joseph stands,
O'er the Infant in the straw
Watching with a holy awe.

Guardian of the Mother mild,
Guardian of the holy Child;
Artisan to whom is given
Knowledge of the things of Heaven;
Lowly one who knows and sees
God's eternal mysteries!

IV—WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

When Christ, a little Babe, was born
 In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
When Christ, a little Babe, was born,
 Oh, years and years ago.
With voices sweet, the angels came
 To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
And sang the Infant Jesus' name,
 Oh, years and years ago!
With hasty steps the shepherds went
 To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
And low before their Saviour bent,
 Oh, years and years ago!
Ah, would I had been there to see,
 In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
The Babe upon His Mother's knee,
 Oh, years and years ago!
And would I had been there to hold,
 In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
My cloak between Him and the cold
 Oh, years and years ago!

The Road To Bethlehem

“There was no room for them in the inn.”

Along this road one evening long ago
Two weary travellers came to Bethlehem,
And sought for shelter at the inns; but, lo!
In all the inns there was no room for them.

From door to door went Joseph, grave and kind—
From door to door he went in Bethlehem;
No place to shelter Mary could he find,
Beneath no roof-tree there was room for them.

And so, with one mysterious Star o'erhead,
They came unto a hillside bleak and wild,
And there among the kine, beneath a shed,
The Holy Mother bore the Holy Child.

O foolish folk, what blindness held your sight?
O heedless folk of olden Bethlehem!
Could ye but know who sought a place that night,
I ween ye had found room enough for them.

O Christian men, O Christian maids and wives!
How can ye blame the folk of Bethlehem,
If God's Elect are strangers in your lives,
If in your hearts you have no room for them.

Under The Rose

W. H., September 25, 1902.

Under the rose he lay last night,
Under the lily and rose.
Red was the rose and the lily was white,
Gleamed over all the tapers' light,
But he, who loved the scent and the sight
 Of every flower that grows,
Lay still and cold in the silent night
 Wrapped in serene repose,
Still and cold he lay in the night—
 Under the rose!

Like to the lily his soul was pure,
 But his heart—his heart was a rose!
Little he cared for the worldly lure,
His hope was set in a Hope secure,
In faith and hope was his footstep sure,
 In the sight of the God Who knows;
With us, will his name and fame endure,
 While the heart of a lover glows,
As lover and friend will his name endure,
 For his heart was a rose!

Under the rose, O let him lie,
Under the lily and rose!—
A grave out under the open sky,
In the boyhood home where he longed to lie
Where winds of the west will softly sigh,
And flowers of the west unclose;
Far from the clamor and far from the cry
Of the world, its ways, and its woes;
Peace to his soul, and let him lie
Under the rose!

The Irish On Parade

The sun is shining brightly,
The wind is brisk and keen,
The flaunting colors lightly
Are tossing o'er the scene;
With bugles gayly blowing
And flag of green displayed—
The street is filled with marching men,
The Irish on parade!

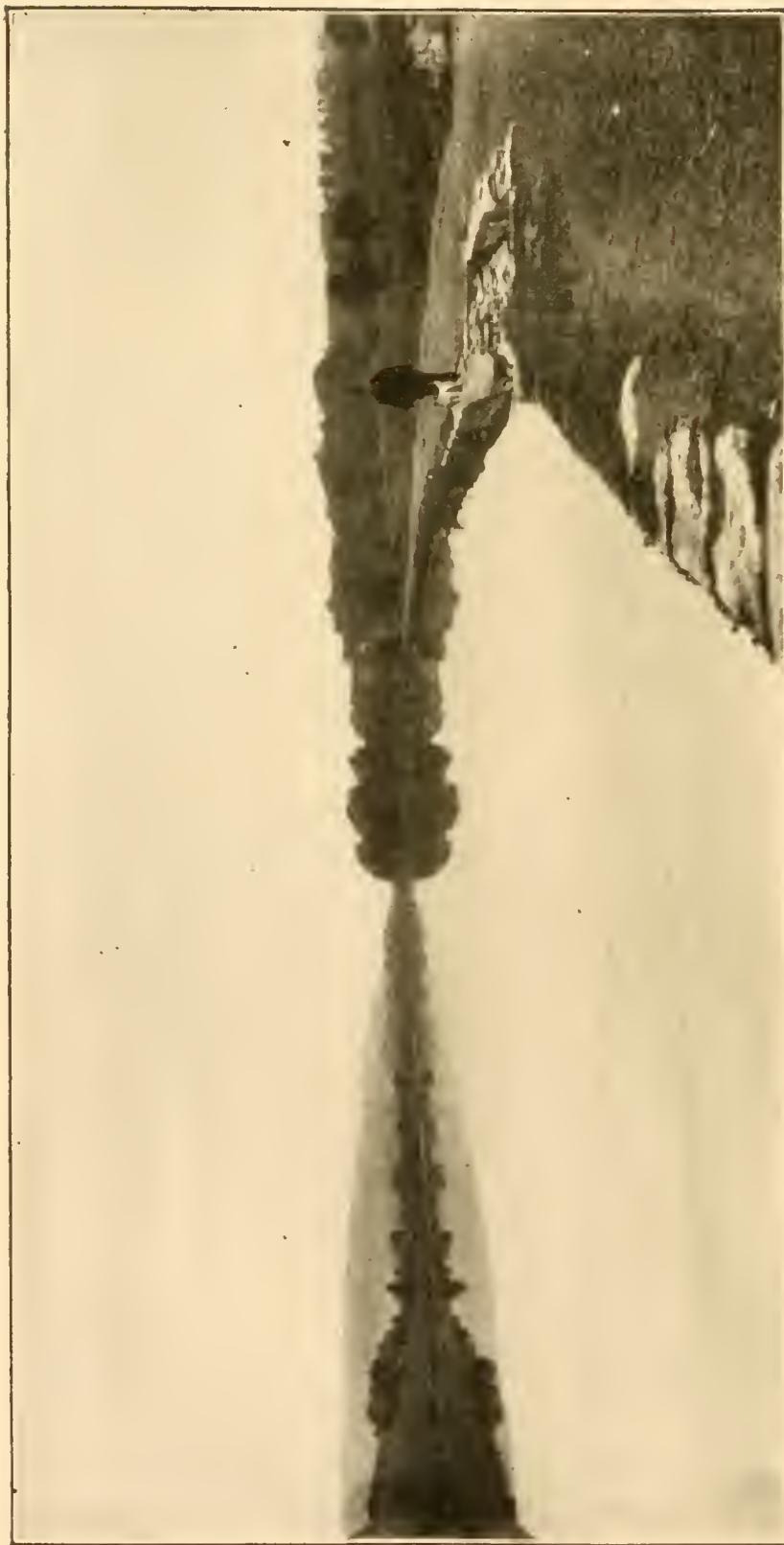
They come with chargers prancing,
With lilting fife and drum,
They come with sabres glancing;
With dancing plumes they come;
They wear the verdant vesture
That covers hill and glade,
The color of undying hope—
The Irish on parade!

Between the cheering masses,
Their bay'nets all a-shine,
The Irish regiment passes,
Ten hundred men in line.
The flags that float above them
Are battle-rent and frayed,
The "Sunburst" with the "Stars and Stripes"—
The Irish on parade!

As breaks a gleam of glory
O'er sullen skies and dun,
A bright though transitory
Reminder of the sun,
So breaks across the dreary
Routine of toil and trade,
The life and light and music of
The Irish on parade!

But has this gathering yearly
No meaning save to be
A passing pageant merely
For curious eyes to see?
Are Ireland's wrongs forgotten?
Are Ireland's sons dismayed?
And do they mean no more than this—
The Irish on parade!

Ah, no,—by all the glories
Of Ireland's ancient fame,
By all the tragic stories
That cluster round her name,
It is no idle seeming
That finds them thus arrayed,
They'll do and dare for Ireland yet,
The Irish on parade!



"WHERE THE SUIR FLOWS."

The Roses From The Garden

The roses from the garden fling
Their fragrance on the air—
They mind me of the way you bring
Your sweetness everywhere!

Within the heart of each they fold
A drop of radiant dew,
As in my heart of heart I hold
The tender thought of you!

On That Day

When thy chiefs all danger daring
Forth to battle went for thee,
When they raised their standards, swearing
They would die or set thee free,
When for thee, their heart's desire-land,
They went forward to the fray.
Ah, 'twas good to be in Ireland
On that day!

When thy sons their feuds foregoing
Once again united stand,
Side by side like brothers showing
How they prize their native land;
When the love for thee, their ireland,
Burns all lesser love away—
Ah, my soul, to be in Ireland
On that day!

The Way Of The World

This world is a weary old workshop at best,
And the work must go on,
Day in and day out, without respite or rest,
Still the work must go on;
However the smile of the morn may invite
The soul to a day and a dream of delight,
We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right,
For the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the hammers
must swing,
And a task to be done confronts peasant and king;
And the dreamer must stifle the song he would
sing,
For the work must go on.

The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn,
But the work must go on;
The spirit within may be tortured and torn,
But the work must go on.
Though morning may plunge us the deeper in dole,
Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console,
We are yoked to a force that we may not control,
And the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the wheels must
go round,
And the hammers must swing and the anvils
must sound,
And new words must be spoken, new thoughts
must be found,
For the work must go on.

A worker outworn falls down at the loom,
But the work must go on;
The toiler that falls for another makes room,
And the work must go on;
Another steps into the place and the pay,
To forward the task howsoever he may,
And the worker who dies is forgot in a day,
But the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the dullest must
learn
That the life of a man is of minor concern,
'Tis our fate to fall out one by one in our turn,
But the work must go on.

When Winter Winds

When winter winds are coldest
On hillside and on lea,
Still, still, my heart, thou holdest
A dream of days to be,
A dream of song birds singing
A dream of flowers up-springing
A dream of summer bringing
Its dear delights to me!

'Tis thus when aught comes clouding
My spirit's starry rays,
Comes shadowing and shrouding
The brightness of my ways.
However sad or tearful,
However dark or fearful,
My heart holds one thing cheerful—
A dream of better days!

In Bygone Days—And Now

In bygone days your gallant sons
Were not content to sigh for you,
They faced the gallows and the guns
Full fearlessly to die for you;
They did their best as they knew how,
Nor feared their lives to give for you—
We have a duty here and now,
Dear land, and that's to live for you!

To live for you,
To live for you,
Our every thought to give for you,
Not ours to die—
But ours to try,
Dear native land, to live for you!

In bygone days your sons of toil
Were not content with words for you,
They seized their ploughshares from the soil
And beat them into swords for you.
This duty plain before them set,
Their heart's best blood to give for you.
Their names will never fade—and yet
Our duty is to live for you.

To live for you,
To live for you,

Our word and work to give for you,
Not ours to die—
But ours to try,
Dear native land, to live for you!

In bygone days your sons would scorn
The men that meant no deed for you,
The boasters (would they were unborn!)
Of burning zeal to bleed for you.
These braggart warriors of the tongue
With empty words to give for you—
They find no foremost place among
The men resolved to live for you!
To live for you,
To live for you,
Resolved their best to give for you,
'Tis men sincere
Can lead us here,
Dear native land, to live for you!

The Fellow Who Fights Alone

The fellow who fights the fight alone
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near,
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan,
He struggles for life and more than life—
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to guile,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong for the fight is long
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand,
With friends at need to bid God speed,
With spirits that understand,
But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown—
Ah, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength,
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

The Victor's Wreath

After long years of wearisome endeavor,
Trouble and toil that seemed to last forever,
That for whose sole attainment he had striven
Early and late, into his hand was given.

Only a crown of laurel leaves entwisted—
Yet he had thought if any joy existed,
Surely it would be his whose constant passion
Won for his brows that laurel crown's possession.

Well, it was his away from all to bear it,
Fated he was to win it and to wear it,
Bright was the day that on his forehead bound it—
Ah, but a cruel crown of thorns he found it!

In Fair Bohemia It Is Always Spring

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,
 Forever there the buds of hope unfold,
Forever there the birds of promise sing
 Their clearest canticles in wood and wold;
Forever there the sunset's gorgeous gold
 Foretells the bliss the coming dawns will bring,
The sweet surprises that the morrows hold—
 In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

Let others enter in the furious race
 For fading honors, fame and golden store,
But they who dwell in that enchanted place
 Know not the curse of much demanding more;
A land it is of natures frank and true,
 A land of friendly hands that clasp and cling,
A land of visions old yet ever new—
 In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,
 'Tis always time to sow, and hope, and dream,
The swallow there is ever on the wing,
 And early flowers bloom by every stream.
No thought is there of coming blight or cold,
 No cruel sun to scorch or wind to sting,
No fear of fading or of growing old—
 In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

To Be Kind

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but kind,
There are sinners around us, 'tis true, but 'tis easy
to find
That they stumble and fall, not because they are bad,
but are blind.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but just,
For to-day or tomorrow we die, and our bodies are
dust,
And the millionaire lies with the beggar who craved
for a crust.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but good,
It is meet that we serve Our Redeemer the way that
we should,
It is meet that we love Him and serve Him the way
that He would.

To be honest and pure, to be faithful and brave and
resigned,
Is the standard He sets for a heart and a soul and
a mind,
And always and aye to the end, to be kind—to be
kind!

When The World Was Youthful Yet

Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us go and leave
behind

All the tyranny that trammels us in body and in mind;
Here in Ireland there is nothing to be ventured for
or done,

But across the broad Atlantic there are fortunes to
be won."

So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,
I have found but little fortune, I have found but little
fame,

And the dreams I dreamed in boyhood they are far
from coming true,

Yet they say I should be happy in the work I have
to do—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!
Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!
Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry
When the heart within was merry, and the world
was youthful yet!

Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us rise and fly
afar,

There is nothing to be hoped for in the country where
we are;

Ev'ry day the opportunities of life are growing less,
And the poor are barred forever from the pathway to
success."

So the prompting I obeyed, and like others of my
race,

In the new land I have struggled for a name and for
a place;

And perhaps I have achieved them and perhaps I
haven't yet,

But a man can't always harp upon remembrance and
regret—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!

Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!

Ah, but the dreams of those days in Ballinderry

When the heart within was merry, and the world
was youthful yet!

Said my heart to me in youth: "There are fair lands
far away

Where an honest man may labor on in peace from
day to day,

Fairer even than the valleys that we see from Slieve-
na-mon,

And they wait for hands to claim them; let us hasten
and begone!"

So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,
And if fortune hasn't blessed me I have but myself
to blame,

For the friends within the new land are as true as
those of old

And I've found within the new land something dearer
far than gold—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!
Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!
Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry
When the heart within was merry, and the world
was youthful yet!

The Memory Of May

There are memories that linger howsoever men may
change,
Howsoever Fortune lures us into places new and
strange;
Howsoever on our hearts the hand of sorrow may be
laid,
There are bright and blessed pictures of the past that
never fade.
Many a happy dream of boyhood in remembrance
still remains.
Many a picture of the past my saddened spirit still
retains,
But the sweetest, best reminder of the days I used
to know
Is the memory of May-time in old Ireland long ago!

Ah the memory of May-time! Ah, the skies so sweetly
blue!
Ah, the scented apple-blossoms in the orchard, wet
with dew!
Ah, the race upon the river and the hunt upon the
hill!
Ah, the vagrant-hearted laddie vainly striving to be
still!

Ah, the call so clear, so luring, of the cuckoo in the
glen!

Ah, to follow him, the herald of the summer-time,
again!

Ah, to leave the years behind us with the burdens
that we know,

For our youth and all its sweetness in the May-time
long ago!

Let the city's trade and traffic roll before me as it
will

I can see the hawthorn shake its snow-white blossoms
on the rill!

Let the city's noise and bustle roar around me as
it may,

I can hear a linnet singing in a woodland far away!

Let the city's smoke enshroud me, I can pierce its
deepest gloom,

I can see a mountain purpled with the heather all in
bloom,

I can see the children lieing to a place where flowers
grow—

Ah, those flowers for Mary's altar in the May-time
long ago!

A Song of Duty

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,
Life is flecked with shine and shower,
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us every one,
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer,
Let us, then, ere life be done,
Make the world a little brighter.

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them,
Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them;
From the straitened hand and mind
Let us loose the binding fetter,
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better.

Selfish brooding sears the soul,
Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,
Darkens all the shining goal
Of the sun-illumined morrow.
Wherefore should our lives be spent
Daily growing blind and blinder—
Let us, as the Master meant,
Make the world a little kinder!

Love's Content

What do I care if day by day
Down pours the rain from sullen skies;
No cloud can hide from me away
The sunshine of your eyes;
And while I find my sunshine there
What do I care?

O, let the skies be gray or blue,
O, let the seasons rain or shine,
So long as I am dear to you,
So long as you are mine,
If days be foul or days be fair,
What do I care?

The Troubadour

He sang of olden Spain—the song
Came upward from the street below,
And bore in every tone a throng
Of golden dreams of long ago;
And all the dead and gone romance
Of that old land beyond the sea
Came back to capture and entrance
My spirit with its witchery.

He sang of olden Spain—there moved
Before my gaze the warrior men
Of fair Castile, whose prowess proved
The downfall of the Saracen;
With swords of steel and souls of fire,
Their banners blowing in the wind,
Rode onward many a knight and squire
Across the mirror of my mind.

He sang of olden Spain—the land
With glorious gonfalon unfurled,
The shadow of whose mailed hand
Struck terror into half the world;
The magic of whose name was known
To strange, wild people over seas,
The echo of whose fame was blown
In all men's ears by every breeze.

He sang of Spain, of Spain the crowned,
 Of Spain the faithful, Spain the just—
Long, long before the lands she found
 Had trailed her banner in the dust;
While yet to ancient teachings true
 She held the world's supremest seat,
Long, long before her empire knew
 The pust and ashes of defeat.

He sang of olden Spain—I heard
 A fountain musically fall,
A wand'ring wind went by and stirred
 A rose-tree trained against a wall;
A tinkling lute with voices blent
 Went o'er and o'er a lover's rime,
The while a convent belfry sent
 Across the land the vesper chime.

He sang of olden Spain and ceased.
 My dreaming ended there and then,
My spirit from its spell released
 Came back to consciousness again.
The present, commonplace and plain,
 Effaced the splendor and romance
Evoked by that Castilian strain
 A strolling singer sang by chance.

A Winsome Wife And Baby

However dark the day be,
 However filled with woe,
A winsome wife and baby
 With love can make it glow.
However grim and gray be
 The sullen skies above,
A winsome wife and baby
 Can light them with their love!

However sad we may be,
 However cares annoy,
A winsome wife and baby
 Our grief can change to joy.
However long the way be
 O'er which we have to roam,
A winsome wife and baby
 Can make a heav'n of home!

When Falls The Curtain

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown
And he the king, are on a common level,
The villain with the virtuous one sits down,
The angel smiles on him who played the devil.
The peasant fraternizes with the peer,
And village maids, and courtly dames and queens
Mingle together without fear or sneer—
They're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—
This play designed to entertain the gods—
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife
(Though *now* we think so) will not make much
odds.
Who plays on earth the king will be as mean
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—
Peasant and peer, and country girl and queen,
Behind the scenes, will all be only players!

A Ballad Of Equipoise

We must retain our equipoise
No matter how the world may wag,
Despite the clamor and the noise,
Despite the fever and the fag;
Though long-expected fortune lag,
And time our dearest dream destroys,
No matter how the world may wag
We must retain our equipoise.

We are no longer maids and boys
Afrighted at a withered hag,
Aggrieved because of broken toys—
Possessions that we once could brag;
But we can scorn the cares that nag
And flout the grief that fate employs,
No matter how the world may wag
We must retain our equipoise.

We must retain our equipoise,
We musn't let our spirits flag,
The sweetest pleasure often cloys
The brightest day will sometimes drag,
The whitest page was once a rag,
The truest coin has some alloys—
Whatever way the world may wag
We must retain our equipoise.

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